



A SIGH FROM CAMP BORDEN

Well, boys, I never thought it,
I am sorry for to tell,
We are up here at Camp Borden,
A place as hot as hell.

We are bathing in the morning,
We are bathing late at night,
Washing out our dirty clothes,
Good God, we are a sight.

For its sand we get for breakfast,
And its sand we get for tea,
To find a sandier bunch than us,
You'll travel far to see.

We do not ask for favors,
We want to do our bit;
But since we came to Borden,
We have stomachs full of grit.

We enlisted to be soldiers,
And play a manly part;
Ceremonials, they are no good,
They almost break our heart.

We gave up good positions,
To try and do our best;
But as for training at Camp Borden,
We'll be dead before the rest.

When we were at Niagara,
To leave it we were pleading;
But compare it with Camp Borden,
It surely was an Eden.

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But now that we are here,
I suppose we'll have to stick 'um;
But if we had the men that chose the
camp,
You bet that we would lick 'em.

Last night there was a riot,
Four thousand men or more;
They want to leave Camp Borden,
Just once, forevermore.

Its hard to leave the old home,
The wife, and kiddies dear,
To camp down here at Borden,
That place so lone and drear.

We don't mind our positions,
We are almost in a trance;
We would rather be in England,
Or fighting out in France.

Without spiders, snakes and insects,
We surely would be lonesome;
But to beat Camp Borden's present state,
You'll surely have to go some.

Our Colonel is a grand old man,
I'll tell you on the level;
If he only takes us from this place,
We'll all work like the devil.

Composed by

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